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Bridgewater State Normal School

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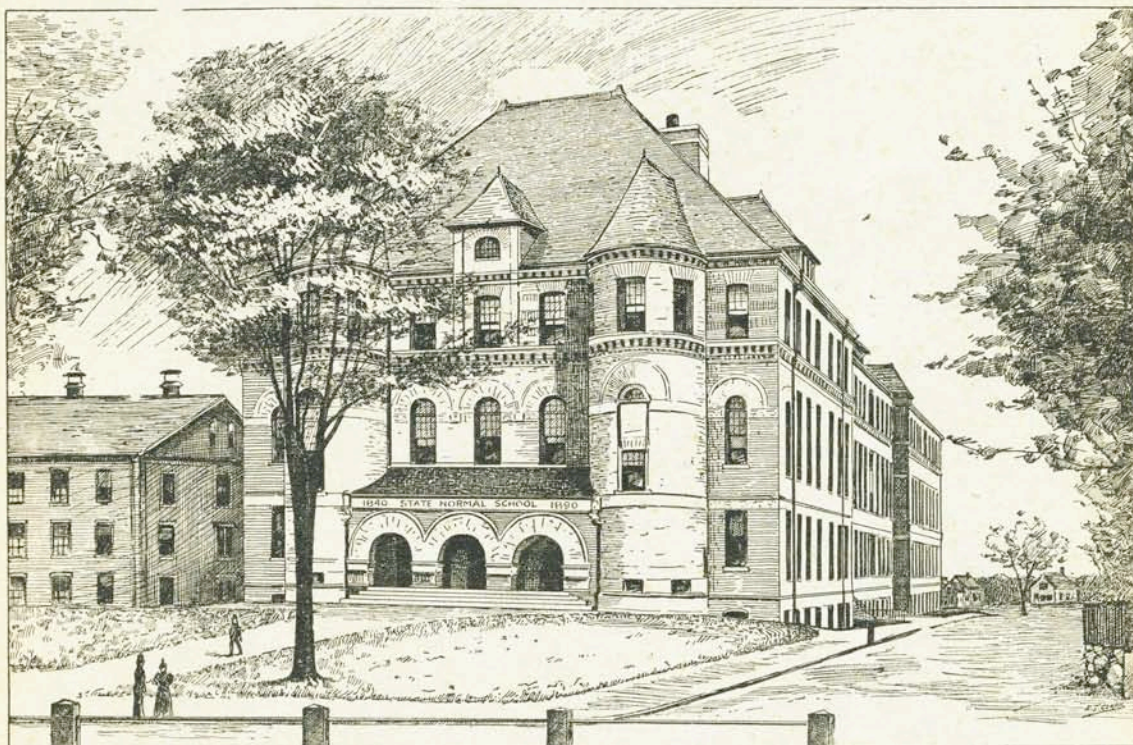
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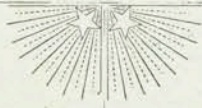
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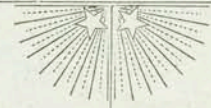


April, 1897.

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ALBERT G. BOYDEN,
PRINCIPAL.

NORMAL OFFERING

Vol. X.

State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., April, 1897.

No 3

The Normal Offering.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the Congress
of the Bridgewater Normal School.

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Editorials.

WE extend the greetings of the Spring to our readers, hoping that they will enjoy to the utmost the most beautiful season of the year.

ONE of the first things one notices as he glances over the school at this season of the year is the listless attitude and tired expression at present so common with the students. Now, in the Spring of the year, everything about us is starting into new life and beauty; while we—if we all felt as tired as some of us look, what a tired crowd we must be! We cannot afford especially at this time of the year to cut down our hours of sleep or hours of exercise. We have indeed plenty of work to do, and little enough time in which to do it, but a tired body is not conducive to an active brain.

Don't carry your worries and cares with you into the night, to be gone over again and again in dreamland; don't keep them with you over Sunday, for the Sabbath was given to us for a day of rest.

THE orchestra has begun its weekly rehearsals again; although rather fewer in number than previously, its members hope to gain both pleasure and profit from playing together. If you have any friends who play well send them along to Bridgewater next fall, and they will receive a warm welcome.

The "Normal Offering" Twenty-five Years Ago.

As we look at the little green monthly, entitled "Normal Offering" and admire its artistic cover, the nice quality of the paper, its clean type, and well arranged articles, we rejoice in its prosperity, and congratulate its officers; but, after all, we say to ourselves, we do not believe they get half the enjoyment in the preparation of it that we did twenty-five years ago.

At that time, it was the custom of the graduating class to appoint monthly an editor and editress from among its members, as none but a senior could receive the high honor. They were not previously consulted, but it was generally understood by the class what lady and gentleman would find it congenial to work together on an editorial board.

As only a few of the class could be thus chosen, the compliment was considered to rank next to being elected valedictorian or class poet.

The duties of the editor consisted in preparing the editorials, watching the box in the library alcove marked, "Contributions for the Normal Offering," and if the supply found there was not sufficient, in soliciting more from the scholars.

The editress copied and arranged the articles, and read the paper before the members of the Lyceum, standing in the place of honor by the platform, beside the desk of the Principal. The reading generally occupied about twenty-five minutes, and the hall was filled with an appreciative audience, consisting of the teachers, scholars and many of the towns-people.

The paper abounded in wit and wisdom, prose and poetry; and if the latter was open to criticism, it certainly was interesting, as there were many good hits upon events connected with the school, and the names of scholars and friends were woven into many a

spicy conundrum to give flavor to the more solid reading.

We were so fortunate as to be presented with a beautiful cover for our paper, an artistic design with the motto, "Not how much, but how well"! having been executed by a young town artist: and the paper, tied by a broad, white ribbon, is still preserved as one of the most precious treasures connected with our Normal School life.

The editor, who so ably helped us in our work, was afterwards a surgeon in the army of the rebellion, and died from excessive efforts in saving men after the battle of Antietam.

One interesting feature of the program must not be omitted. The scholars then boarded in private families in town, and the editor enjoyed the prerogative of escorting the editress to Assembly Hall; and if the walk happened to be a long one, and they were a little late, the editor conducted the lady to her seat with much ceremony, but had to run the gauntlet of many mischievous eyes: and the walk homeward, after the Lyceum ended, closed the labors and pleasures of that editorial board.

But after the lapse of more than thirty-five years, our hearts are warmed and made tender by the memories of the friends who helped us at that time; and we thank the Great Master that He ever permitted us to enjoy so much as we did in the Bridgewater Normal School.

The Development of English Drama.

The causes that had to do with the development of the English drama are many; it is possible to mention only the more important.

Many people are accustomed to think of the drama as beginning with Shakespeare, when it really reached its culmination in his work. It has been said that "Shakespeare did not create the dramatic era of which he was the greatest exponent; he availed himself of it." The be-

ginning of dramatic productions in England dates back to the twelfth century, as was shown in a previous paper; the first real dramas belong to the first part of Shakespeare's century.

In the days of the Miracle plays some scenes were detached from the Bible story and were given "free dramatic handling." Examples of this were the Entrance of Noah into the Ark, the Repentance of Magdalen, and others. The use of the Moralities was to teach some moral lesson. In both these cases the authors had to create dialogue and in a measure portray scenes in real life. All this is a part of the preparation for the drama proper. The next step was the Interludes, in which contemporary personages are made the objects of ridicule. In Heywood's "Three P's," a Pardoner, a Pedlar and a Palmer figure as typical vagrants and imposters of the day. The first plays were humorous; but tragic pieces were soon written, founded on Biblical incidents, due to the influence of the Miracle plays. "Godly Queen Esther," "King Darius" and "King Solomon" were favorite pieces of this description. The effects of this development were, first, the people became accustomed to scenic representations, second, the plays were either serious or comic, the two divisions into which drama always divides itself.

This much, rude as it may be, had been accomplished before the New Learning or the influence of Italian drama reached England. After the advent of Italian drama, many plays were written in imitation of Italian models. A convenient land-mark is 1551, when England's first comedy appeared. This was entitled, "Ralph Roister Doister;" the author was Nicholas Udall.

But there was a native force, far stronger than imitation, which helped to shape the English drama. This was the patriotism of the people, which expressed itself and found plea-

sure in historical plays. Some of these were, "The Famous Victories of Henry V," acted before 1585, "The Troublesome Reign of King John," and "The History of King Leir," both acted in 1593.

The growing interest in education and literary work of all kinds helped to develop the drama. Many works of history were produced and the names of Stowe and Hollingshead are known to-day. Samuel, Daniel and Drayton produced poems dealing with historical subjects.

From the historical plays we pass to the work of the group of men known as the University Wits. These were a group of London dramatists, many of them educated at Cambridge and Oxford, who came under the influence of the New Learning, and brought to their work a knowledge of classical dramatic construction and unities.

Hitherto the performances had been of the wildest and most exaggerated character. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesy," speaks as follows. "Our tragedies and comedies are not without cause, cried out against: observing rules neither of honest civility nor skillful poetry. You shall have Asia of the one side and Africa of the other and so many other kingdoms that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin by telling you where he is or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by we hear news of ship-wreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the bank of this comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented by four swords and bucklers, and what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?" Such

absurdities as these were reformed by the University Wits, who began their work about 1580. Those who did most in this direction were Peele, Green and Marlowe, although there is a host of others including Nash, Lodge, Lyly and Kyd.

For some reason nearly all these men were dissipated and wicked. Green dashed off piece after piece in rapid succession to obtain money to indulge in another debauch. Marlowe is spoken of as a blasphemer and an atheist, and was stabbed in a drunken brawl before he was thirty.

Much of Green's work is ribald and coarse, but there are touches of grace and sweetness, that remind one of a fresh breeze laden with the sweetness of flowers, blowing over the dusty dirty city.

Greater than all his contemporaries was Christopher Marlowe. If there had been no Shakespeare, Marlowe would have been our Shakespeare. Dying at thirty he had produced four plays any one of which would have made a reputation for any other man; what might have been his record if he had attained Shakespeare's age? Marlowe in his work fixed the unrhymed iambic pentameter as the proper meter of the stage.

It is almost useless to say anything about Marlowe's plays; they must be read to be appreciated. His earliest play, "Tamburlaine," portrays the insatiable thirst for power, the spirit of the typical conqueror longing for "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown." "The Jew of Malta" undoubtedly furnished Shakespeare with some hints for his "Shylock." "Shylock" however is much the stronger character. "Dr. Faustus," Marlowe's strongest piece, is full of a wild, passionate longing for the unattainable, and the closing scene is unsurpassed by any in all our dramas. When Goethe read his play he exclaimed, "how grandly it is all planned!"

When Shakespeare began to write, principles of composition and the harmony of parts in the construction of both tragedies and comedies were already observed. The language of the drama and its meter were established. So Shakespeare found his tools ready for use; to this fortunate occurrence and his own genius, we owe those matchless productions, the plays of Shakespeare.

Music.

MUSICAL SCRAP-BOOKS.

Did you ever think of making a musical scrap-book? If you are at all interested in music I am sure you would enjoy a scrap-book. It is much more interesting, for example, to study or hear a Schubert impromptu when you know something of the man's life.

In the first place get the pictures of as many of the famous musicians, both instrumental and vocal, as possible. These need not be expensive photographs, but lithographs and prints such as are found in the daily papers and on concert programs.

With each picture there should be a short sketch of the musician's life. Then one is always coming across personal anecdotes of musicians which add greatly to his interest in them.

This is an interesting and easy way to become familiar with the great musicians, and to broaden one's musical education.

"It was shocking to see the way Miss Babble whispered," said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie, "if she had any breeding at all she would know it is impolite to whisper in company. I never think of doing such a thing."

"Neither do I. If I have anything to say that I don't want to have overheard, I wait till somebody gets up to sing or play the piano."

Mozart, walking one day in the suburbs of Vienna, was accosted by a mendicant of very prepossessing manners and appearance, who told his tale of woe with such effect as to interest Mozart strongly in his favor; but the state of his purse at that time not corresponding with the impulses of his generosity, he desired the mendicant to follow him to a coffee-house. Here Mozart, drawing some papers from his pocket, in a few moments composed a minuet, which, with a letter, he gave to the distressed man, desiring him to take it to his publisher. A composition from Mozart was a bill payable at sight, and to his great surprise the happy mendicant was immediately presented with five double ducats.

—Musical Record.

A Day at Aguas Calientes.

The traveller in Mexico who contents himself with thoroughly exploring the capitol city and views the other municipalities only from the window of his luxurious palace car, loses some of the most interesting features of a journey through our sister republic. The city of Mexico already bears evidence of the changes wrought by its many English speaking residents and it is to the smaller cities and towns that we must turn for glimpses of the older civilization. One of the most picturesque of these is that of Aguas Calientes, or in English, "hot waters."

As we leave the train we find mule cars in waiting to convey us to the centre of the city. The car is soon filled; the driver winds his melodious silver horn which replaces our less romantic gong as a means of clearing the track, and the little mules toss their long ears and then settle down to a steady trot which carries us along at a good speed. The narrow streets are paved with irregular cobble stones and flanked by still narrower sidewalks of rough

pavement. On either side stand the rows of long, low, flat-roofed houses, which one fancies may resemble those of ancient Pompeii. They are smoothly plastered without and painted pale blue, red, pink or whatever color the taste of the owner dictates, and are frequently adorned with a border of a different color. The doors are massive wooden affairs, often curiously carved and furnished with a long metal handle of peculiar design. In the houses which line the principal streets are long windows opening on the sidewalk and having iron bars as a protection against possible thieves. Some of the houses on the side streets are built without windows, so that the heated air of the outer world shall have no opportunity of forcing itself in; consequently the atmosphere of the rooms, although cool and refreshing, is about as healthful as that of a damp cellar which the rays of the sun never reach.

As the car rolls on, we meet from time to time burros on whose backs are rough baskets woven of twigs. Each burro carries in these receptacles four large water jars; for water is carried from house to house here, as milk is in the United States. A burro is a far more attractive animal than an ordinary donkey or a mule. Whether it is his diminutive size or the quaint expression given to his countenance by his peculiar eyes and extremely long ears, is a question; but there is something very fascinating about the little animal, and only the difficulty of getting him home prevents us from becoming the proud possessor of such a charming pet.

Near the centre of the city is the scientific school, which is one of the first objects of interest to visit. One of the students who is able to talk English to some extent, proves a most courteous and interesting guide. Like all Mexican buildings, the college encloses an open court which has a beautiful garden in the cen-

ter, surrounded by a broad balustrade. Here the boys sit or move back and forth on the flagged walk studying their lessons in the balmy air, with the blue sky overhead and the flowers at their feet. Is there "no royal road to learning?" On all sides are the recitation rooms with the ever familiar maps, charts and various specimens. Concerning the skeleton in the room devoted to physiology, our guide explains in his careful English, "he was a thief; when he was alive he was no use, now he is of much use." A flight of stone steps and an inclined plane, also of stone, lead us to the upper balcony, which is very narrow and has no railing, so that a mis-step would plunge the careless pedestrian into the court below. On his floor is the studio of the drawing teacher. The walls are covered with beautiful oil paintings and water-colors, and among the many pictures we recognize with pleasure a fine portrait of George Washington. As we descend the stairs again we find another bit of home, for on the first landing is a boy, with his little figure constructed from straws, sealing-wax and cardboard, preparing a lesson in comic sections.

It is a foreign country, with strange people and an unfamiliar language, but that geometrical figure knows no bounds of time and place, no distinction of race or tongue. Still farther on we pass a door with a barred window from which a disconsolate face peeps out. The owner of the face can speak English and inquiry elicits the information that he should have been at school at eight, but failed to arrive until ten and so is put into solitary confinement until one o'clock. This cell is only for the younger boys; the older ones and those who have been tardy three times are confined in darkness which presumably helps to impress them with, the seriousness of the offence and aids them in forming resolutions of future punctuality. There is no patent on this mode of correction,

and Normal graduates may find it works as well in Massachusetts as in Mexico.

Near the college is the market, a most interesting place. The wares of the different vendors are spread out on the side-walk or even in the gutter, and there is the greatest variety imaginable. At one corner sits a woman ladling syrup over yams which look as if they had been cooked and then allowed to absorb all the water possible. Next to her is a cloth on which lie little heaps of peanuts at "un centavo," (about half a cent of our money.) Mexican pottery is of course on hand in all shapes and sizes, and very graceful in its outline. Onions and peppers are on sale; also very uninviting meat. At one side the sandal-makers ply their trade. These sandals are primitive affairs, consisting merely of a sole of leather, bound to the foot by narrow strips of the same material. But the most interesting of all the vendors is the fat old Mexican who tries to sell us pulque and in expressive pantomime explains what will be the result if we drink too much. Our evident amusement throws her into a fit of the jolliest laughter, and so our last impression as we turn away from the market is a happy one.

Aguas Calientes is the place of Mexico in which to purchase the beautiful Mexican drawn-work. It is offered for sale at every street corner, and is so incomparatively cheap for the amount of work, and such a pretty and convenient souvenir to carry away, that only the sternest resolution and the thought of long desired sombreros and serapes to be bought later on, can keep our pocket-book closed.

The Governor of the state of Aguas Calientes is at home to the visitors, but talks no English, which is rather a hinderance to conversation. However he is a fluent French scholar; and the knowledge of this language gained some years ago at Bridgewater is brought to the aid of the Americans. Who could ever

have fancied while studying it, when and how it would come into use? Previous callers had exhausted the Governor's stock of cards, but this is a fortunate circumstance, for a treasured memento of the occasion is a pretty Spanish sentiment written and signed by this most polished and kindly official.

The baths for which the city is famous must be inspected, and here on the broad portico overlooking the blooming garden we get our first taste of the Mexican ice-cream. The boys carry about on their heads small tubs containing tin cylinders four or five inches long. These on being inverted over a saucer and raised, leave before you your dish of ice cream. This delicacy resembles a frozen custard and is chiefly to be recommended on account of its coldness, for like many Spanish viands it is too sweet to suit the American palate. Cooled by the cream and refreshed by our short rest, we are ready to proceed to the station where the train is already waiting to bear us on towards Mexico. So we must bid a long farewell to the quaint old town, which seems like a bit of the orient transplanted to our prosaic western continent, and the picture of which will always remain among the favorites of all those which "hang in memory's hall.

—M. W. Doten.

The Twelve Great Paintings of the World.

"THE LAST JUDGEMENT."—(M. ANGELO.)

This painting of Michael Angelo's is placed on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, Rome. The painting of this picture was a task congenial to his mood and well represents the disappointment, passionate anger and sorrow of his stormy life. The picture is sublime, but painful, rather suggesting a heathen tragedy than a Christian judgment scene.

At the top of the composition which is thronged by two hundred figures, Christ is condemning the wicked, while the virgin looks away in pitying silence. The dead are rising in naked crowds from their graves, and angels and demons enforce the judge's sentence. Nothing but despair and horror prevails. Things are represented here which cannot be described.

In the lower part of the painting Charon is emptying his crowded boat as if it were a sack of mice, and forcing them down into the flames and smoke with his uplifted oar. They excite still greater pity than those wrestling with devils in the air above, for therethe decision is yet delayed—here all is lost.

"THE SISTINE MADONNA."—(RAPHAEL.)

The Sistine Madonna was originally painted by Raphael as an altar piece for the cloister of San Sisto Piacenzi, Italy. In 1753 it was purchased by Augustus III of Saxony, for about fifty thousand dollars and removed to Dresden where it now remains.

Who does not know this wonderful figure, which veiled by magnificent drapery floats on the clouds like a heavenly apparition surrounded by a glory of lovely angel's heads. A veil flows from the head which appears lost in the contemplation of the divine mystery; for in her arms is a boy whose childlike features are stamped with the sublimity of his mission as the Redeemer of the world.

Below are two angels leaning upon a balustrade viewing the celestial vision. Pope Sextus and St. Barbara are kneeling beside the virgin, while two angels at the bottom make a third plane to the picture.

Words fail to tell of the variety, symmetry, noble attitudes and graceful positions, the tender grace and the moral beauty, which are celestial.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION."—(RAPHAEL.)

This is called the finest picture in the world and was Raphael's last composition. It was ordered by arch-bishop De Medici for the town of Narbonne, France. The great master was called to the realities of these heavenly scenes of which he dreamed before the picture was finished. It was suspended above the bed upon which he lay in state. It was retained in Rome and is now in the Vatican.

The painting represents two separate incidents. The actual scene of the transfiguration is in the upper part, and is from Raphael's own hand. The marvelous expression of the face of the Christ is the chief charm of the painting, and is never forgotten by the beholder.

The group below was finished by Giulio Romano and is a picture of the demoniac boy, whom the Savior cured upon coming down from the mount. This portion represents the calamities and miseries of human life, while in the upper we behold the source of consolation and redemption from evil.

"THE LAST COMMUNION OF ST. SEROME."—
(DEMENICHINO.)

This magnificent painting was executed early in the seventeenth century for the monks of Asa Coeli, Rome, and was sold for about ten guineas, though it is now of priceless value. Its place is opposite Raphael's Transfiguration in the Vatican.

Jerome, the aged saint, is borne in the arms of his disciples to the chapel of his monastery and placed within the porch. A young priest sustains him. St. Paula, kneeling, kisses one of his bony hands. The saint fixes his eager eye on the countenance of the priest, who is about to administer the sacrament—a noble, dignified figure in a rich ecclesiastical dress; a deacon holds the cup, and an attendant priest

the book and taper; the lion droops his head with an expression of grief; the eyes and attention of all are on the dying saint, while four angels from above look down on the scene.

("THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."—REUBENS.)

This painting is in the Antwerp Cathedral. The principal subject is composed of nine figures. Two of these are at the top of two ladders, lowering the body of our Savior by means of a winding sheet, which one of them holds in his teeth, the other with his left hand. Holding firmly to the cross they are leaning over so that they may steady the body which John clasps tightly. One foot of Christ rests on the shoulder of the Magdalen. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus are placed opposite each other on the ladders, and with the two workmen form a square of robust figures. The virgin stands at the foot of the cross stretching her arms toward her son, while Salome crouched down is raising her dress. On the ground are the scroll, a copper vase, the crown of thorns and nails.

Sir Joshua Reynolds considers the Christ the finest figure ever invented. He says of it: "It is most accurately drawn in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on the shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives an appearance of the heaviness of death which nothing can exceed. The successful coloring of the white sheet near flesh could have been attained only by a great colorist, and no other would have dared attempt it.

—M. O. L.

(To be continued.)

"Pa, what's a novel?"

"A novel, my son, is a long way of saying, 'they got married.'"

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Base ball seems to be the all absorbing topic just at present among the men, and perhaps a few words in regard to the game as played in the school in the past, and something of its prospects this season will not be amiss.

This branch of athletics was introduced into the school in the early seventies and under entirely different rules and far less encouraging circumstances than at present.

The number of men to draw upon for a team at that time, was, it is true a little larger than at present, but the equipment of the team was in very poor condition. At that time our now beautiful campus was nothing but a marshy meadow, with a high hedge around it, and our athletic field nothing but a piece of swampy woodland. We can see by this that as regards a place to play, these founders of base ball, in our school, were at a great disadvantage.

The field then used for their games and practice was at the fair grounds, which then was one of the best fields hereabouts. Imagine our men walking nearly a mile nights after school to practice base-ball; the captains of the various teams can tell you it is hard enough to get them to walk across the road.

In spite of these many disadvantages the teams turned out in those days were very good and the games played were with the strongest teams in this part of the state.

About 1885 or '86 the teams began playing on the Campus and from that time the standards of the teams were raised year after year.

A friendly rivalry has always existed between the town team and the school team, and in contests it has always been nip and tuck between them. In the last three or four

years our team has come off a victor in most of the games played with the town team, and this year we hope to add another to our string of victories over them.

Now a few words in regard to the season of 1897. Only four of our last years' regular team are left in the school, and a very small class of men entered last September. So this makes it seem to some as if we were not going to have any kind of a team this year; but here is just where such people are mistaken. In spite of the fact that so many are graduated, and that there was such a small entering class, there is plenty of first-class material in the school in men who have never come out to show what they can do, and it is upon these that we depend for the maintenance of a team in the school this year.

When the first call for men was made a good number responded and have since kept up their work and the prospects are very encouraging. When you do not play as well some nights as you do others, and a candidate who is trying for the same position, plays a little better than you, don't give up, but stick to it and you will in all probability make the team; if we should all lose courage on such occasions we would have no team at all.

The young ladies can help us out in winning our games by their presence at the games and the interest they manifest in the subscription papers.

The schedule as arranged is excellent and assures us of some good games with some strong amateur teams. In my opinion the prospects for a successful team have seldom been more promising, and when the close of the season comes I think you will all agree with me.

—A. C. C.

TENNIS.

We all welcome once more the tennis sea-

son. We really have two such seasons; but the one which comes at this time of year is by far the more enjoyable, because we can appreciate nature's beauties as well as the game. During the winter months the remark is very prevalent among the students, "how glad I'll be when it is time to play tennis!" Of course such remarks do not hasten the time but they naturally convey to the hearers the idea that the speaker is fond of the game.

None could wish, as far as the grounds are concerned, for better advantages in the tennis line than we have here. There is room for fifteen very good courts, but a many as eighteen have been "marked out" during one season. Such a number gives all who enjoy tennis a chance to play. Very seldom though do we see all the courts occupied at the same time. This arises from the fact that some cannot play directly after school and some do not care to play after supper.

This is a game in which the vivacity of a person is brought into use in a marked degree, but not so much in running around the court, getting nervous, and wondering why the ball does not come or go where one wishes, as in keeping one's head and studying the essential principles of the game. In this game as in all others the saying is true "practice makes perfect." It is in fact a very scientific game. If one wishes to become a fair player he must watch his superiors play the game. For instance, how he serves the ball, how he returns it, his different positions in the court, how he deceives his opponent by placing the ball in the most unprotected corner, and numberless other helpful points.

Some are naturally better adapted for the game than others, but this is no reason why one should not play the game. It is beneficial from the physical standpoint, if from no other.

One important way of testing the abilities of our different students as tennis players is by having a general tournament. It must be taken into consideration that some persons are better players than others, hence handicaps must necessarily be given. In this way some incentives arise which cause all who enter to go in with an enthusiastic spirit. Last year a tournament was held which proved to be very successful. It was held by the young men of the school. Since they have set a good example the young women of the school ought to follow suit. Then when our summer vacation comes perhaps we can all join in a common remark that the season just closed has been the most successful of any ever witnessed by the present members of the school.

B.

NOTES.

Baseball and tennis having been commented on by others in this issue there remains little for me to say about athletics.

Owing to sickness some of the candidates for the ball team are kept from practice; but we hope to see them all in line soon, and there need be no discouragement in regard to the team. We expect to meet the town team on "Patriots Day" and hope for a victory.

At a meeting of the committee having the gymnasium meet in charge it was voted to hold no indoor meet this year, and on account of the unsettled condition of the school it has seemed best to make no plans for field day. The N. A. A. has voted not to have any field day sports, and to devote all its energies to the ball team.

The tennis association has voted to open the courts to all members this year, instead of assigning each court to four members. This is undoubtedly the best way of settling a troublesome matter; and the members of the club will greatly facilitate matters by paying assessments promptly.

H.

Exchanges.

"The Normal Exponent" has entered our exchange list. The "Exponent" is the paper recently brought into existence by the Westfield Normal School. It gives promise of being an instructive and thoroughly *normal* monthly.

Another new exchange is "The Panorama" from the Friends School of Providence, R. I.

The "Lyman School Enterprise" for February devoted a page to "George Washington's Rules of Behavior." Their quaint expression makes them amusing, but they are suggestive as well.

There are centrifugal and centripetal forces in both the physical and moral worlds. There are individuals whose sole aim is centered in self, and for whom nothing is pleasing save as it is conducive to their own good and pleasure. But there are others in whom the centrifugal force is supreme, moving outward from the centre, self, entering into the lives of all about them, to help, encourage and elevate. All true goodness is centrifugal, leading one to "look out and not in, and lend a hand." Bayard Taylor says: "He teaches best who feels the hearts of all men in his own breast, and knows their strength and weaknesses through his own."

Fuit homo in oppido,
Et sapentissimus fuit,
Immisit se in bramble bush,
Et oculos erasit.
Et cum vidit his eyes were out
With all his vi et pondo;
He jumped into an alterum,
And scratched them in secundo.

Teacher,—(giving out topics to look up):
"Miss B., take John Randolph.

Scholar,—(eagerly,) Oh, I want a man!

Then confused by the laughter of the class, she said: "I mean I want a man to look up!"

A celebrated composer wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company to luncheon; "Key of G."

His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house for luncheon at one sharp.

Over the age of Stone and Bronze
The years are flying quick;
The age of Steam will pass away,
But Mucilage will stick.

Jones—"How is your boy doing at college?"

Farmer Woost—"Splendid! Gettin' high marks: first time he came home he had a pin with '99 on it."

Teacher—"X, do you know how it was Icarus fell from the heavens?"

V—(absent-minded): "He must have slipped on a thunder peal.

The President:—"All in favor of this motion, please raise the right hand by saying 'I'"

Mozart.

Wolfgang Amedeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, Germany, Jan 27, 1756. He was educated by his father, Leopold Mozart, a thorough musician and a violinist of high repute. At three years of age Wolfgang began to take harpsichord lessons, and at four he composed little pieces, some of which are still preserved in his sister's music book. Some time later he even wrote a concerto; which his father told him was so difficult that no one could play it, upon which Wolfgang replied that of course no one could expect to play anything so difficult as a concerto until he had diligently practiced it.

In 1762 Leopold Mozart took Wolfgang and his sister on a musical tour, visiting most of the courts of Germany. The little Wolfgang charmed everybody both by his wonderful playing and by his fascinating manners, and sweet disposition. It is related that at a perfor-

mance before the royal court at Vienna he sprang upon the Empress' lap and kissed her heartily. And when he slipped one day on the polished floor and fell, and the little Marie Antoinette, afterwards queen of France, ran to help him up, Wolfgang looked up seriously and said: "You are very kind; when I grow up I will marry you." "Oh, but you can't," said the little girl, "for I am a princess, and you are only a poor musician." "But I will make myself a great one," replied Wolfgang quickly.

Of course the upper classes went wild over the children, but so sweet was Wolfgang's disposition that he was not at all harmed by the attention bestowed on him. He was always ready to do anything to please his father; "Next after God comes papa," he used to say.

In 1763 they started on another tour, Wolfgang singing and playing the violin, organ and harpsichord. While at Paris, at less than eight years of age he published his first works, two sets of sonatas for violin and harpsichord. In 1764 he went to England where he performed before the royal family, playing before many large audiences and causing admiration and wonder wherever he went.

After another visit to Paris the family returned to Salzburg, where, in 1796, at the age of fourteen, Mozart was appointed director of the Archbishop's concerts.

Soon afterwards he went with his father to Italy to complete his education. He produced a great sensation at Rome by writing from memory the whole of the celebrated "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed once at the Sistine chapel. In Italy he met Thomas Linley, a boy of great promise and exactly Mozart's age. A very close attachment was formed between the two, and they parted in tears, as it happened never to meet again, for Linley was drowned a few

years later. During his stay in Italy Mozart produced several operas, all of which were well received, although they would not rank him as high as some of his subsequent compositions.

While Mozart was in Italy the good Archbishop of Salzburg died, and a man of entirely different character was elected in his place. The new archbishop had no taste or appreciation whatever for art. Mozart's artistic successes were unfortunately not very remunerative and the family became poorer and poorer. So Wolfgang again went to Paris with his mother, hoping to better his condition and to gain experience in his art. But Paris was then involved in the dispute between Gluck and Piccini, and Mozart found little to encourage him. While here, too, his mother died, and he returned to Salzburg with a heavy heart.

Soon after this he composed the opera "Idomeneo" which at its performance at Munich was received with rapturous applause. But the archbishop, on hearing of the artistic success of "Idomeneo," immediately summoned Mozart to Salzburg. His position here soon became unbearable; he was treated like a menial; the archbishop would not allow him to play in public anywhere except at the archiepiscopal palace. After enduring this as long as he could Mozart left the archbishop's service, and earned his livelihood by taking pupils.

In 1782 he married Constance Webber with whose family he had been intimate from his boyhood days. His wife was no better manager than he was, and so they found the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet. Besides this, Constance was not of a strong constitution, and soon became a confirmed invalid.

One little incident at this time shows Mozart's tender heart. He then held the position of kammer-compositor to the Emperor, at Vienna, with a salary of about \$400; but when Mozart visited Berlin, King Frederick William II offered him the post of "kapellmeister" with a salary of \$2200. On his return to Vienna Mozart informed the Emperor of the offer. "Are you going to desert me then?" asked the Emperor reproachfully. "Alas, my good Emperor," replied Mozart, "how can I leave you;" and he remained to almost starve on his four hundred a year.

All the time he was busily composing; producing pianoforte works and operas, of which the greatest was, perhaps "Il Don Giovanni."

In the summer of 1791, a stranger called on Mozart, and without giving his name, asked him to compose a requiem, offering to pay him in advance. Mozart's health was not good at the time, and he began the execution of his commission with a superstitious feeling that the stranger was a messenger from heaven sent to warn him of his approaching death. He worked hard at his task wishing to make it his best work. The stranger called a second time but the work was not completed; so advancing more money he left. As Mozart felt that he was approaching his end he worked harder and harder at the requiem, hoping at least to finish that; but on the 5th of December, 1791, before the composition was quite finished, he died. Thus at only thirty-five years of age, passed away one of the greatest masters the world has ever known.

Mozart's compositions are pervaded by an originality of style which can never be mistaken, On account of his wealth of melody and refinement of taste, his music exercises an inexpressible charm on all who hear it.

Personals.

Mr. Joseph A. Reddy, June '96, has taken Mr. Claude L. West's place as principal of the grammar school in Warren, Mass.

The engagement of Miss Angie S. Bowles, June '95, to Rev. Mr. Hammett of the First Universalist church, Brockton, is announced.

Miss Charlotte S. Smith, Jan. '95, is doing first grade work in the school which is to be a part of the Model school for the Hyannis Normal.

Miss May E. Barker, June '92, has fully recovered from her long illness of last summer, and is teaching again. She has the first grade of the Hodgkins school, West Somerville.

A meeting of the "Bridgewater Club," composed of men graduates of the Bridgewater Normal School was held at the Brunswick Hotel, Boston, on Saturday, Mar. 20th. After dinner speeches were made by the principal of the school, Curtis Guild, Jr., editor of the Commercial Bulletin, and Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle of Boston, upon the topic, "The Demands of Modern Life upon Young Men." The following officers were elected: President, B. B. Russell of Brockton; Vice-Presidents, Horace A. Freeman of Abington and William D. Jackson of Bridgewater; Secretary and Treasurer, A. A. Lincoln of Boston.

Miss Harriet Holmes, class of June '96 has a private Kindergarten at North Brookfield, Mass.

We were fortunate in having with us on Tuesday, April 6th, Mr. Eddison of the State Board of Education. During the twenty minutes in which he addressed us we gained many interesting and helpful thoughts for our future work. We wish he might come to Bridgewater often.

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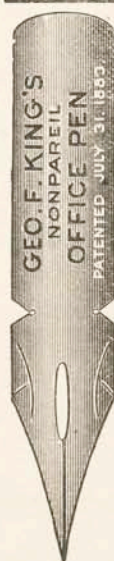
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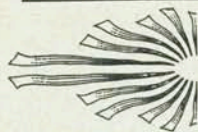
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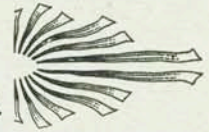
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